

Weaving the Web, Part 4: The First Dose of Venom

Dreamt on: August 3-7, 2011

Recorded on: August 18, 2011

(the following morning...Monday...)

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"Wake up."

I grunted, rolling over.

Someone shook me roughly.

"Wake...**UP!**" a harsh female voice snapped.

I forced my eyes open, rubbing blindly at them...

...then emitted a soft hiss as light flared on, blinding me.

A large shadow dimmed the light...and I forced my eyes open.

Essah stood above me, glaring at me.

"Time to get up," she said, yanking the covers off of me.

I glanced at the clock.

5:45 AM.

I looked at the clock again...sighed...then rolled out of bed, the corset creaking as I moved.

"Good girl. Go into the kitchen and sit down."

I padded off toward the door, stumbling about due to not being fully awake.

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Essah poured the fox a tall glass of orange juice and set it down in front of the fox.

"Drink," Essah ordered, turning to put the orange juice away...

...and letting her gaze linger on the bottles of Liquid Girl and Anti-Male Mix.

No...that starts tonight, she told herself, grabbing a carton of milk and pulling it out.

She turned back to the fox, who calmly sipped its glass of orange juice.

"I'll pack you a good lunch," Essah said, pouring two glasses of milk out and putting the carton away.

Silence greeted her ears, so she turned around.

The fox was still there, silently sipping its juice. No paw was raised.

"Good," she said, sliding one of the two glasses of milk to the fox...then taking a sip of her glass.

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"All right...unzip the bottom of the corset."

I felt around the bottom of the corset...and, sure enough, there was a second zipper there.

Slowly, I pulled up on the zipper, easing it up a bit...

...and feeling the material pull away from my legs, giving me some freedom of movement.

I pulled it up a little further, watching Essah the entire time.

She caught my gaze...and nodded.

"Keep going. Slowly," she said.

I pulled the zipper higher...and felt it touch the bottom of my bellyfur.

"Stop."

I stopped, letting my paws return to my sides...

...and Essah walked over to me...grabbed the bottom of the corset...and pulled each side up, buttoning it into a spot on the body portion of the corset.

Three soft clicks later, the corset material was secured onto my belly and lower back...and off of my hips and thighs.

"There...now you won't have to worry about tell-tale angles," Essah said, smirking...then looked at me.

I blushed...but nodded assent.

"Best of all...now you can wear underwear," she went on.

I watched...as Essah held up a pair of black lace panties.

"You know...I debated just having you go out without underwear," she went on.

I swallowed. *No way could I explain **THAT** to my coworkers.*

"...but...I thought that might be pushing things," she finished...then handed me the underwear. "Put them on."

I held the waistband open...bent down to slide my legs inside the openings...

...then froze at a touch on my rear.

"Hold on a second," I heard...then felt a tug on the plug.

I squeaked as the plug was slowly pulled out of my rear...then exhaled, slightly relieved...

...and seriously empty.

"Stay put, just like you are now," Essah ordered.

I stood there, bent over...my bare rear poking out of a black rubber corset...

...and feeling very vulnerable and exposed.

Then, I heard Essah come back by me...and I felt another intruder at my tail-hole.

I tensed on reflex...then pushed back as the intruder was pushed forward.

I gritted my teeth, noticing this one was larger than the previous one...

...then with an almost tangible pop, it slid in, grinding into my body.

I hissed, pain jabbing my insides...

...and was greeted with a gentle caress on my rear.

"Since you said you had adjusted to the other one, I felt we should move you up a size," Essah said. "And I got you a pad."

Essah slid her arms around me, the maxi pad dangling in front of my muzzle.

I reached for it...only to have it pulled away.

"Now, now...what should you say?" Essah chided.

I thought for a few seconds...then took a gamble.

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"May I please have a pad, Mistress?" the fox asked softly.

Essah smiled...and nodded, holding the pad in front of the fox's muzzle.

"You may, dear," she replied.

Tara took the pad, opened the packaging...then held one edge of it in her muzzle as she slid her legs into the leg openings on the lace panty.

The wolf-spideress watched...as the fox wiggled its underwear up its legs...then stopped just past its knees.

She watched...as it deftly applied the maxi pad to the center of the panty's gusset...then slowly pulled the panty up its legs, settling it onto its groin.

Then, she turned a slow circle, displaying herself.

Essah looked on...then nodded.

"Very good," she said approvingly...and smiled as the fox blushed.

"Now...go pick out your work clothes for the day."

The fox looked at her, stunned.

"Consider this a test," Essah said. "A test to see how willing you are to expose yourself to your coworkers."

The fox swallowed...then walked over to its male closet.

Let's see what she picks out, Essah thought, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

The fox rummaged around for a bit...then stepped back out...and walked over to the bed.

Essah watched...as the fox laid out a dark blue button-down dress shirt and light brown slacks next to her.

She looked from the clothes to the fox...who stood there, motionless, paws resting over its groin, waiting for something.

Essah looked back at the outfit...then back at the fox...and nodded.

"This meets my approval," Essah said. "Get dressed."

She watched as the fox grabbed the pants first, unzipping the front of them...and deftly sliding its legs in, one at a time. Then, it quickly pulled the pants up, buttoning them on and zipping them up...

...and having them promptly fall onto the floor.

Essah laughed...then looked at the fox.

Its ears were flat and its eyes were closed.

"Perhaps you should wear a belt," Essah pointed out.

The fox nodded...and waddled back to the closet, pants curled around its ankles.

Essah chuckled softly...as the fox pulled its pants back up...

...then began to thread a black leather belt through the openings on the pants, pulling it taut.

The fox turned around...secured the belt in place...then slowly let go of the buckle.

The pants stayed up.

"Good. Now the shirt."

The fox walked back over to the bed and picked up the shirt, unbuttoning it.

Essah smiled as it slowly slid the shirt on, placing its arms in the sleeves...then slowly buttoning it up...

...then she frowned.

The shirt was too big on the fox's body.

She watched as the fox noticed this...then it began to tuck the shirt into its pants...

...and Essah noticed that the bones of the corset started to show through the shirt.

"Wait..."

The fox paused, looking up.

"The bones of the corset are showing," Essah stated.

The fox looked down...nodded...then slowly raised a paw.

"Speak."

The fox seemed to relax a bit.

"If anyone asks, I can say that I hurt my back," the fox said. "They know I have had back issues in the past, so my wearing a back brace would be acceptable."

Essah blinked...then slowly nodded, smiling.

"Clever girl," she said...then got up...and petted the fox's head.

The fox leaned into her touch, chirring softly.

"Thank you, Mistress," it said softly.

She smiled...and scruffed the fox's head, causing it to squeal.

"All right...finish tucking in your shirt and get some shoes on," Essah chided...then kissed the fox's head. "I'll go make your lunch."

"Yes, Mistress," Tara replied, blushing as Essah left the room.

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Essah closed up the lunch-bag just as Tara walked into the kitchen.

"Here," Essah said, handing the fox her lunch. "Two bottles of juice. One orange, one lemonade, for when you get thirsty during the day...and a diet shake for lunch."

The fox cradled the lunch-bag close, causing Essah to be puzzled.

"Thank you, Mistress," the fox said softly.

Essah stared at it puzzled...then smiled.

"School is not in session right now, Tara," she said.

The fox looked up...then stared back at the lunch-bag, blushing.

Essah chuckled...then walked over to the fox.

"Keys," she ordered.

Without hesitation, the fox pulled its keys out of its pocket and handed them over.

"Now, what time do you get off work today?" she asked.

"5:30, Mistress," the fox replied.

She blinked.

"You said you do not get home until 6:15. Is traffic that bad?" Essah asked.

The fox nodded.

"Bad coming home...worse going in," the fox said.

Essah frowned.

"Okay...when do you normally leave for work?" she asked.

The fox looked at its wrist...at a watch Essah had not seen the fox slip on.

"It's 6:04 now...about fifteen minutes from now," the fox stated.

"Good. I will drive you in, as I have need of the car for errands," Essah said. "You will be waiting for me outside your building at 5:30."

She blinked, trailing off...

...as the fox held up a small cell phone.

"Good idea," Essah stated, fishing hers out of a pocket.

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(around 10:30 AM)

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I sighed as I stared at the various tabs on my computer screen.

Geez...how did these accounts get so screwed up?

I went back and checked the logs...then chuckled.

Figures...Glenda strikes again.

I went back into the various windows...checked the math...then replaced Glenda's figures with the correct ones.

"There...at least I won't get castrated," I whispered...then frowned.

At least, not by her, I thought...then an image of Essah flashed into my head, the wolf armed with a pair of rusted pruning shears.

*Oh yeah...that's **MUCH** more realistic.*

I sighed, frowning...wanting to slump forward...

...but being held upright by the corset.

"Hey, Rob. What's goin on bud?" a cheery male voice asked.

I glanced up...and saw a beige fennec peeking over the top of my cubicle wall.

"Hey, Edwin...just fixing some bad numbers," I said.

"Mmm-hmm..." the fennec said..then leaned over further.

"Glenda fuck up again?" he asked, his voice a whisper.

I nodded.

"Seven times," I replied in a similar whisper.

"Shit. Seriously?"

I nodded, rubbing my eyes.

"It's like she doesn't even give a crap about what happens to the company," I went on. "Makes me miss our old boss."

"Yeah, I'm with you there, man," Edwin stated. "Shame she sold the company."

I nodded and turned back to my screen.

"Hurt your back again?"

I blinked, looking up.

Edwin pointed at my chest.

"See you got the brace on again," he said.

"Oh, yeah. I tweaked it moving some furniture around over the weekend," I said, easing myself into a more comfortable position.

"Damn man...next time you need help, call me. I'm always willing to help you out, Rob," Edwin said.

I thought about Edwin meeting Essah...and chuckled.

"Nah...I don't wanna trouble you, man. 'sides, it was just some minor redecorating," I went on. "I just stumbled while pushing my sofa and my back got strained, that's all."

"You sure?" Edwin asked. "Cause it's really no trouble..."

I nodded. "Yeah, man...I'm sure. I'll just be more careful next time."

Edwin looked at me for a bit...then slowly nodded.

"Okay. Still headin' for lunch at 12:15?" the fennec asked.

"Yup," I said, then chuckled. "That reminds me...I need a drink."

I rummaged about in the lunch-bag. and pulled out the lemonade.

"Cool man. See you then," Edwin said, disappearing as quickly as he'd appeared.

I chuckled.

"Man...that guy could give Houdini a run for his money," I quipped...then took a sip of lemonade.

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"Next!"

Essah stepped up to the counter, resting the cooler on the shelf.

"Making a deposit?" the mink behind the counter asked.

"Yes, miss," Essah replied.

"Got your paperwork?"

Essah handed over several sheets of paper.

The mink examined the info on the sheets...then nodded.

"Looks like everything is in order..." she said. "Donor's name?"

"Tara Vorinah," Essah replied.

The mink arched an eyebrow. "That name...sounds female."

Essah leaned forward, gesturing the mink closer.

"She's...going through the transition," Essah said softly.

"Ooooooohhhh..." the mink responded. "The old snip-snip, huh?"

Essah nodded, easing back.

The mink reached out and opened the cooler.

"Good...you kept it on ice," she said, pulling out the bottle of semen.

Essah watched as the mink dried the outside of the container, then affixed a label to it.

"Is that it?" Essah asked.

"That's it. You're all set," the mink replied, handing the cooler back.

Essah smiled, closing the cooler.

That was easy.

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(1:15 PM)

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"BLACKPAWS! MY OFFICE! NOW!"

I flinched at the scream, and sighed.

Aw, shit...

Sighing deeply, I forced myself out of my chair and walked the fifty feet to Glenda Corsi's office.

"Get in here and close that door!" the portly brown cougar barked.

I slid inside her office and shut the door...then gingerly made my way toward the chair in front of her desk, wincing as I ease myself into the chair.

"You...you wanted..."

"Stow it, Blackpaws," Glenda snapped. "What the fuck did you do to the Fiekstow account?"

"Fiekstow..." I racked my brain...then it clicked. "Ah yes...the numbers on the account were off, so I ran them several times and corrected the mistakes."

"CORRECTED?" Glenda yelled. "WHO TOLD YOU YOU COULD CORRECT **ANYTHING???**"

I flinched briefly...then looked up at her...and felt strangely emboldened.

"No one...other than the fact that my job title is Managerial Accountant...so I guess..." I smirked, "that makes it my **JOB** to correct mistakes in numbers."

Glenda opened her mouth.

"Especially mistakes that would have cost this company several hundred thousand dollars," I finished.

Her mouth slowly closed...yet she still smoldered behind her desk.

"Hmm...it appears I have to thank you then," she finally admitted. "Good job. Now get back to work."

"Gladly," I said, easing myself up...and sliding out of her office as quickly as I could.

Wow...that was nuts, I thought as I made my way back to my cubicle.

I sat down...and paused.

Wait...did I...I stood up to her?

I blinked, very puzzled.

I...told her she made a mistake? I asked...then shook my head. No...no, I just pointed out an error. That's all.

I slowly inched back in my chair.

An error...that would've cost this company a lot of money, I went on.

I smiled.

I...I stood up to her...and I'm still alive...and employed.

I let out a soft chuckle.

*Wow...miracles **CAN** happen.*

...

(5:28 PM)

...

I waited outside the front doors of Corsi Accounting and PR, waiting patiently.

HONK! HONK-HONK!

I blinked, then smiled a bit...

...as my light blue sedan pulled into the parking spot right in front of me.

I opened the door, slid inside, closed the door and buckled my seat-belt
Essah put the car back into gear...
...and we rode back to my home in silence.

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(6:17 PM)

...
Essah opened the apartment door and stepped inside, shaking herself.
"Damn...I can see what you mean about the traffic," she grouched, exhaling. "Now, get out of..."

She turned around...and stared.

The fox had already closed the door...and had shed all of its male clothing,
standing there in its corset and black lace panties.

Essah blinked, stunned.

Wow...*she DOES catch on fast.*

Essah smiled...and walked over to the fox.

"Kitchen," she said.

The fox nodded...and walked into the kitchen, sitting demurely on one of the
chairs there.

Essah was still smiling as she followed the fox into the kitchen...and pulled open a
drawer.

Calmly, she removed the twin pumps...then looked at the fox.

"I believe you know what you should do," Essah said. *I hope...*

The fox stood up...turned around...and bent over, presenting its rear to Essah,
without making a single sound.

Essah grinned as she gently eased the black lace panties down, pulled the plug out
of the fox, coaxing a soft moan from the fox...then she began to lubricate the prostate
pump.

She held it at the fox's tail-hole...and gently began to insert it.

To her surprise, the fox did not tense as she guided the pump in.

When it was in, she tapped the fox's rear.

On reflex, the fox stood up, turned around slowly...and returned to its perch on the
chair, legs tucked underneath it, crossed at the ankles.

Essah practically beamed...and petted the fox's head.

"Very well done," she declared...then freed the fox from the chastity device.

She watched as the fox's sheath slowly unfolded from between its legs...and
affixed the collection tube over the length of the sheath.

Next, she grabbed the twin breast cups...and held them up.

The fox straightened up, giving her full access...

...and she secured the two cups onto the vixen's breasts, triggering the suction.

"Any changes or discomfort?" she asked.

The fox shook its head, silently.

"You sure?" Essah prodded.

Again, the fox silently nodded.

"All right," she said...and switched on both pumps.

The fox let out a soft hiss as the pumps began...then settled in.

Essah gently patted its head...and wandered into the bedroom.

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(7:20 PM)

...

"Time." Essah said, shutting down both pumps.

She pulled the cups off of the fox's breasts with a pop, then bent down to remove the tube from its sheath...

...when she saw the fox gently reach up to massage its breasts.

"Pain?" Essah asked, looking up.

The fox nodded slightly.

Essah returned the nod...then removed the tube from the fox's sheath and gently cleaned both parts.

The fox fidgeted slightly as its sheath was cleaned, drawing a squeeze...then the chastity device was replaced and secured.

Essah stepped away...

...and the fox got up, tubes still dangling from its body...turned around...and rested its torso on the kitchen counter.

Essah gently pulled the prostate plug out, wiggling it slightly...and smiling as the fox wiggled its hips when she did so.

She slid the old plug back inside...then patted the fox's rear.

It spun around, pulled its panties back up, zipped the corset shut, and resumed its perch on the seat, bowing its head.

Essah freed both bottles...then noticed something...and frowned.

The fox...was not wearing shoes.

She glanced up at the fox...then over to the door.

Only a pair of brown loafers were by the door, peeking out of a pile of male clothing.

"Hmm..." Essah said, frowning. "It would appear that I forgot to leave your footwear at the door today."

Tara blinked...then blushed a bit.

"Oh, well...guess you go bare-pawed tonight," the wolf-spideress went on, handing the breast bottle to the fox.

She straightened up...and watched as the fox drank the contents in two small sips...then placed the bottle on the counter next to it.

"As for this..." Essah said, holding up the semen bottle.

The fox swallowed, ears twitching a bit.

Essah smiled...

...then dumped the contents into the kitchen sink, placing the bottle inside as well.

"Now...for your juice," she said, opening the fridge.

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I watched as Essah turned back to me, a full pink bottle and a full grey bottle in her paws.

She looked at me...and I blushed quite a bit.

"This one first," Essah said, handing me the pink bottle.

I took it, removed the top...and sniffed it.

It smelled like super-strong bubblegum...and I tried to avoid gagging.

I glanced up at Essah, who had crossed her arms...swallowed...

...then held the bottle to my muzzle and took a sip.

The juice actually tasted WORSE than it smelled, causing me to gag a bit.

Then, I swallowed the sip I had taken...

...and I actually felt it slide down into my stomach, almost like a solid mass.

I swallowed again...then sighed...

...and guzzled the rest of the contents, fighting the urge to vomit.

I gagged, sputtering...yet set the now-empty bottle next to me.

"That bad?" Essah asked.

I coughed.

"Like drinking...gooey bubblegum-flavored...chalk..." I rasped...then quickly added, "Mistress."

She stared at me, stunned...then handed me the other bottle.

I swallowed, working myself up to drinking the grey fluid.

I slowly removed the lid...and sniffed...

...and felt my gorge rise at the black licorice scent that wafted into my nose.

I took several deep breaths...

...then guzzled the whole bottle, swallowing the thick, icky fluid...

...then I lowered the bottle from my muzzle...and swallowed, fighting to keep it all down.

"Was that better?" she asked, taking the empty away.

I shook my head, that simple motion causing my belly to threaten an uprising.

"Go lie down, dear," Essah said.

I got up, feeling my belly gurgle...and slowly made my way toward the bedroom.

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Essah watched the fox slowly amble toward the bedroom, looking very ill.

Damn...Mort didn't tell me about the taste, she thought.

She looked at the bottles...and sniffed the grey one.

Ewww...licorice.

Her nose crinkled in disgust...and she dropped that bottle into the trash.

Then, she picked up the pink bottle...and sniffed it.

Ugh...she was completely right on that. It does smell like bubblegum.

Disgusted, she dropped that bottle into the trash as well...then proceeded to wash out the two pump bottles.

Hope she can keep that all down, Essah thought, her brow furrowing in concern.

...

I eased myself into bed, feeling my belly growl in protest.

Oh, no...PLEEEASE don't send that crap back up. PLEASE don't send that crap back up...

I shut my eyes, trying to curl into the fetal position.

Please settle down...please settle down...please don't make me puke...

I let out a soft whimper as I felt my stomach post a rebuttal to my plea.

Please...keep it down. I don't want to taste that stuff a second time.

I whimpered...and tried to curl tighter.

...

Essah walked into the bedroom...and frowned.

The red fox was curled up in the bed, body nestled in an almost-fetal position.

The wolf-spideress walked over and gently sat next to the fox.

"Are you okay, Tara?" she asked, softly.

The fox did not respond. It didn't even move.

Is she...?

Essah rested a paw on the fox's neck...and exhaled, relieved.

She's alive...must just be sleeping.

Essah smiled warmly...then slid the covers up over the fox and patted its head.

"Get some rest," she said softly...then left the bedroom.

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(early Tuesday morning...5:45 AM)

...

I slowly eased myself upright, stretching and yawning.

"Feeling better?"

I eased my eyes open...and nodded at Essah.

"Good. Get up."

I eased myself out of bed and stood at attention, awaiting her inspection.

"Do you feel all right?" Essah asked, tenderly.

I swallowed a bit...then slowly nodded.

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Essah took out the cloth tape measure and unrolled it.

"All right...lift your arms up."

The fox obediently did so...and Essah slid the tape measure across its breasts...

...and was surprised to hear it giggle.

Essah looked up, surprised.

"Are they more sensitive?" she asked, moving the tape up and down across a nipple.

The fox giggled...and nodded.

"Yeess, Mistreeess..." it squealed.

Essah smiled.

Looks like it's working.

She took the measurement...then slid the tape measure up above the fox's nipples and made a second measurement.

"Well, no change in size there," Essah stated. "Let's check your sheath."

The fox held still...as Essah crouched down, slid the black lace panties down, and unlocked the fox's chastity device.

Slowly, its sheath unfurled...and stayed still, completely limp and unexposed.

That is odd...she should have some morning wood.

Essah gently caressed the fox's sheath, coaxing a squeak and a soft chirr out of it...yet barely getting a reaction from the sheath at all.

"Interesting..." Essah stated, making a note of the reaction on a pad of paper...then measuring the sheath.

"Looks like you have lost...about a half an inch," Essah stated, jotting down the measurement, then standing up.

The fox was looking away, ears flat, obviously embarrassed.

"So far, things seem to be progressing well," Essah stated, securing the chastity device back onto the fox's male parts.

"Pull your panties up."

Obediently, the fox crouched down, grabbed its panties, and slid them back up its legs...

...and received a gentle pat on the head, and a smile.

"Good girl," Essah said, feeling very proud of her protege.

The fox blushed...and curtsied.

"Thank you, Mistress," Tara replied.

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(7:20 that evening)

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"All right...done."

The fox exhaled as the breast cups were removed...and again, it massaged its chest.

"Sore?" Essah asked, studying the breast pump bottle.

The fox nodded, massaging its breasts.

Essah nodded...then looked at the bottle.

This looks...a little fuller than yesterday...

Essah gave the bottle to the fox, who drank it down eagerly...then bent down to remove the tube from the fox's sheath...

...and stared, dumbfounded.

The fox's sheath wasn't even stiff. It had already gone flaccid.

Essah gave the tube a gentle tug...and it slid free easily.

"Did you...did you even get hard during the pumping?" Essah asked, slowly standing up.

The fox looked at her...and shrugged.

"You mean...you don't **KNOW** if you got hard or not?" she asked, stunned.

The fox nodded.

"I...I felt it start to...then it just leaked," Tara said very softly...then hung her head.

"I...I'm sorry..."

Essah swallowed.

I did ask for triple-strength, Essah thought. *Maybe this is part of that.*

She tapped the fox's leg...and it got up, presenting its rear to her.

She wiggled the plug slightly, drawing a soft, low moan of pleasure from the fox...then gently eased the prostate plug out of the fox, replacing it with the old plug.

The fox turned around, pulled its panties back up onto its groin...then zipped its corset back down into place.

Then, smiling slightly...it sat back down, tucking its legs underneath it, legs crossed at the ankles, paws resting in its lap.

Essah smiled slightly.

"You are such a good girl," she said, petting the fox's cheek gently.

The fox chirred softly, its tail swishing.

"But now...it's time for your juice," Essah said.

The fox frowned...and accepted the pink bottle.

Essah watched as the fox removed the top...swallowed...then she blinked...

...as the fox pinched its nose closed with one paw...as it drank the liquid from the bottle in slow, measured sips.

She watched, stunned...as the fox drained the bottle's contents and let go of its nose, panting heavily.

"Did that help?" Essah asked, curious.

The fox nodded, panting.

"Okay then..." Essah took the empty bottle away, replacing it with the full grey bottle.

The fox swallowed again...pinched its nose...and chugged the bottle's contents.

It slammed the bottle down on the counter, panting, closing its eyes.

"Feeling better than last time?" Essah asked, leaning over the panting fox.

Slowly, the fox nodded.

"Seems...to be staying down..." Tara rasped, panting.

Essah gently caressed the fox's back.

"Okay?" she asked.

The fox slowly nodded, swaying with the motions.

Essah patted the fox's head.

"Bedroom." Essah said, getting up and walking toward the bedroom...

...and smiling as she heard the clicking of the fox's 2" heels on the wood floor.

...

"Now, we need to get you dressed," Essah said, rummaging through the female closet.

I felt my ears shoot up.

Dressed? We're going out?

I felt myself blush...and my tail slid around my legs.

Essah turned around, holding a bundle of clothing in her arms...and set them down on the bed, looking at me.

I blushed deeply, hanging my head.

I saw a shadow cross my feet...then felt a paw slide under my muzzle...and a gentle pull, easing my head up...

...to look Essah in the eyes.

"Now....you will get dressed...and we will go out for a while," Essah stated, letting go of my muzzle.

I swallowed...then looked at the clothing.

A grey satin blouse and a short black skirt sat there, meeting my gaze.

Slowly, I walked over and picked up the skirt...stepped into it...and eased it up to my waist.

I smoothed it out...and noticed that it barely covered the bottom of the corset.

I blushed, ears flattening...and slid the blouse onto my body, buttoning it closed...

...and chirred, enjoying the feel of the fabric sliding across my nipples.

"All set?"

I slowly turned toward her...and nodded, still feeling euphoric.

"Good."

Essah walked toward the door...and I followed behind her, my heels clicking on the floor...

...and my tail swishing, relishing the feeling of the soft fabric sliding across my exposed nipples as I walked.

...

Essah parked the car outside Mort's shop and shut the motor off.

"Here we are," Essah said, looking over at the fox.

It stared at the storefront, wide-eyed.

"Let's go," Essah said.

The fox unbuckled its seat belt...then slowly opened its door.

Essah watched as the fox turned itself out of the door, placing its feet down first, then standing up, keeping its legs closed tight.

Essah smiled as the fox walked over to her side of the car, gently opening the door for her.

She got out of the car...and caressed the fox's cheek.

"I am very proud of you," Essah said, smiling.

The fox's tail wagged a tiny bit...and it blushed.

"Thank you, Mistress," Tara said softly...and followed the wolf-spideress inside.

...

Mort heard the bell above the door jingle...and glanced up...

...then smiled as Essah and Tara walked over to the counter.

"Ladies," Mort said calmly.

He watched as Essah turned to the fox. "Go wander about for a bit."

The fox nodded...and Mort watched her walk off...

...and stared at the fox's walk, its hips rolling and heels clicking on the tile.

"She really has made progress, hasn't she?"

Mort tore his gaze away...and nodded at Essah.

"Sure has," the panda replied...then folded his paws. "How many doses have you given her?"

"Two. She just had the second dose about fifteen minutes ago," Essah said, sliding a notepad over to the panda.

He flipped it open and read the information there...

...and his eyes went wide.

"Is this right?" he asked. "She didn't even get hard after **ONE** dose?"

Essah nodded. "She wasn't hard in the morning...and said she couldn't tell if she got hard during the milking. Said it started to...but then it just began leaking."

Mort stared at the data...then looked up at Essah.

"Her nipples have also gotten **VERY** sensitive," Essah added.

Mort glanced up at the mirrored ceiling...

...and watched the fox wander about the racks, examining various items.

"Anything else?" he asked, pulling his gaze away.

"Well, her sheath has shrunk by about half an inch," Essah said. "Other than that, nothing has really changed."

"Seriously?" Mort queried. "That much loss after one dose?"

Essah nodded...then leaned in close.

"Why didn't you tell me that stuff tasted terrible?" Essah asked.

Mort blinked.

"You...you didn't..." he began.

"No. She gagged on the first dose," the wolf-spideress stated. "She almost threw it back up. Bubblegum and licorice? What were you thinking?"

"Hey...those were the only flavors I could get!" Mort hissed....

...then blinked, as an assortment of items appeared on the counter.

Both Essah and Mort turned and looked...

...at Tara, who simply blushed, tucking one leg awkwardly behind the other, tail coiling around her legs.

"Found some new things, did we?" Essah asked.

Tara nodded, smiling.

"Let's see here..." Mort began, digging into the pile. "Latex panties in black, four pairs...two matching bras...polish..."

He arched an eyebrow...as he held up a slender, wand-like device with several swirls and ridges on it.

"One needle vibrator..." he said, adding it to the sorted pile. "Another suit, in red this time...oh, now **THIS** is interesting."

Mort held up a jet-black package.

Essah blinked, puzzled.

"Latex sheet set and pillowcases, full-sized," Mort said, placing them in the pile.
"Seems the little lady has become a latex-lassie."

He smiled at Tara, who giggled.

God, I wish I could...

Mort shook himself from his thoughts...and removed the last two items.

"Ridged anal plug...and a hard collar, in black," he finished, then tapped the total button on the register. "\$328.16"

Essah stared at the fox for a bit, stunned.

"Don't I get to shop?" she asked, smiling.

Tara giggled impishly, a twinkle in her eye.

"Aww...looks like the girl did enough shopping for both of you," Mort said.

Essah huffed. "True...but I wasn't **PLANNING** on shopping today," she said curtly.

Mort watched...as the fox's smile vanished...and it hung its head.

Essah gave Mort her credit card...and Mort swiped it.

"Aww...Essah, lighten up. Let the girl have some fun," he chided.

"No..."

Mort blinked...as Tara sighed.

"Mistress is right," she said softly. "I got excited and did things without her permission." Tara slowly looked up at Essah...and nodded silently.

"Mistress..." Mort said, looking from Tara to Essah.

Essah said nothing...and simply plucked the card from Mort's paw, signed the receipt and gathered the bags.

"Come," Essah snapped, marching toward the door...

...and Mort watched as the fox followed her out, its head low.

"Essah, honey...what the hell have you done?" he asked the store.

...

Essah slammed the purchases onto the dresser, causing the fox to squeak in shock.

"What you did today...was definitely worthy of punishment," Essah growled...and turned around.

Then, she froze.

Tara was standing there, head down...and shaking like a leaf.

Essah inhaled deeply...and frowned.

She's terrified...and I think...

She sniffed again...and her frown deepened.

Yep...she peed herself. Good thing she had a pad on.

Essah walked over to the fox, dwarfing it by over a foot.

"And rest assured...you **ARE** going to be punished," Essah growled.

I must be strong...I must be strong...

"Bend over," Essah barked, pointing at the bed.

Tara did so, exposing her rear to Essah.

"Unzip your corset and remove your panties."

Fumbling, the fox did as it was told...

...and the acrid scent of urine wafted past her nose.

Damn...she really pissed herself good...

Essah growled, staring at the fox's bared rear...

...and stepped forward, swinging her paw at that rear, landing a solid blow on it.

The fox yelped in pain...as blow after blow rained down on its rear, causing it to sob and scream in pain.

After twenty strikes, Essah stopped...and panted heavily.

She heard the fox sniffle and sob, its body still remaining where it was...but obviously in pain.

She stalked over to it...and pulled its head up by the ears, causing it to yowl in pain.

"Now...you will not do something like that again. **IS...THAT...CLEAR?**" Essah roared.

The fox sniffled, tears cascading down its face.

"*snort* Y-y-y-y-yes Mi-mi-mih-mistress...*sniffle*" it replied, eyes red and bloodshot.

"Good," Essah growled, slamming the fox's head back onto the bed.

Then, she tore the maxi pad off of the fox's panties...and frowned.

Must be strong...must be strong...

"If you move, I will punish you even more severely than you already have been," Essah growled, heading for the bathroom.

She rummaged through the medicine cabinet...and found the medical tape.

Essah turned back to the bedroom...and froze.

The fox was laying there...bent over the bed, rear fully exposed, flat against the bed...sobbing uncontrollably...

...and her resolve wavered.

I...I really hurt her...I...

Essah shook her head...and the taskmistress took over again.

*I must be strong...I must make **HER** strong...*

She stalked back into the bedroom...and straddled the fox's torso, pinning it to the bed.

It sniffled and whimpered...but stayed still.

Essah placed the soaked maxi pad in its field of view.

"Do you see this?" she barked, shaking the now-yellow pad.

The fox nodded slightly.

"This is unacceptable as well!" Essah snapped...then shoved the maxi pad against the fox's muzzle, covering its nose and mouth.

It squeaked and began to squirm a bit...

...until Essah squeezed its body with her thighs, one paw holding the pad tight against the trapped fox's nose.

Once the fox went still, she leaned over it.

"Now, normally, I would simply web this to your face," she stated, "but you have been so bad that you do not even deserve the luxury of my webbing. Therefore..."

Essah pulled off a strip of the medical tape...and wound it around the fox's muzzle, pulling it tightly shut.

The fox squeaked and let out a soft whimper...as Essah wrapped the tape around the fox's muzzle a few more times...then tore the tape off.

Then, the fox's eyes went wide...as Essah then wound the tape over the pad, forcing it down along the fox's muzzle and nose, covering it completely.

"Now, I know you can breathe through that pad," Essah said once she had finished taping the soiled pad to the fox's muzzle. "That particular brand is best at letting air through...so you won't suffocate..."

She slid off of the fox...and laid down on the bed, facing it...a scowl on her face.

"But if you ever act like that again...you will wish you had suffocated. Is that clear?" Essah growled.

Fur soaked with tears, all the fox could do was nod, its ears flat against its head.

"Good."

Essah slid off of the bed, and pulled the covers down.

"You will remain there tonight, exactly as you are," she ordered. "You are not to move from that spot."

The fox looked at her, ears flat, eyes wide...then it shut its eyes.

Essah glared at it...then slid under the covers, pulling them back up to cover her body...

...and hide her tears.

I have to be strong...I have to be strong...

Essah cried herself to sleep, repeating that phrase like a mantra.

...

I sniffled, the scent of my urine filling my nose again, causing me to gag slightly.

I misbehaved...I disobeyed my Mistress...

I swallowed and snorted, having literally cried myself dry.

I disobeyed...and am being justly punished...

I sniffled again, the scent of my urine filling my nose.

I must not disappoint her again...I must do better...

I shut my eyes...and felt my rear throb.

I must please my Mistress...I must behave...I must do better...

...